

THE
PICTURE
OF A *of of*
COFFEE-HOUSE:
OR, THE
HUMOUR
OF THE
STOCK-Jobbers.

LONDON,

Printed *Ann. Dom.* 1700.

PR3757
W8P4

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Printed and Sold by J. DODD.

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INSTRUCTIONS

TO A
PAINTER, &c.

Well, *Painter*, may st thou shake in ev'ry part,
This Undertaking far exceeds thy Art.

But yet some Efforts make, and try thy Skill.

Prepare thy Colours, and thy Pencils fill.

A various Prospect thou must here pourtray,

Of diff'rent Passions moving ev'ry way.

Hope, Joy, Fear, Anguish, and tormenting Rage,

Throughout the Crowd alternately engage.

But Courage, *Painter*, half thy Work is done,

When thou hast once this happily begun.

First in dark Colours set in open view,

The smoaky Office of this crack-brain'd Crew.

The Common-Shore and Sink of all the Town,

Where nothing else, but what is Filth goes down.

A Receptacle for all sorts of Men,

From Tip-Staves to the Gravest *Abolition*.

B

Knights,

Knights, Bar'nets, Squires, Gentlemen and Drapers,
 Scriv'ners, Attorneys, Beau's, Fops, Fools, and Scrapers,
 Vintners, and Mercers, Farmers, City Prentice,
 And Councillours, the Priest too there Commences
 Stock-Jobber, but (*East-India* Merchant I'd say sure)
 The Thing they love, the Name they can't endure.

Paint at the Door a little busy Scout,
 To take a *Penny* from All that go out.

Wisely consider'd thus to Tax these Fools,
 To pay their *Quota* by the Mad-house Rules :

Where Ingress *gratis* is allow'd to any,
 But at their Egress all must pay their *Penny*.

If *Jonathan's* and *Bedlam* you survey,

Bedlam's the wiser, if not mad, you'l say.

He's surely mad that for *Ten Thousands* bargains,
 And next day shuts up Shop not worth four Farthings.

That in Campaigns, long Cloak, and powder'd Coats,
 Looks big, swears, huffs, yet cannot pay three Groats.

That for the prospect of uncertain Gain,

Loses his *Time* and *Substance* in the main.

If these Men be not mad, pray tell me whence

Is Madness ; these have lost both Wit and Sence.

Now, gentle *Painter*, try if thou can'st paint out

This eager hurley burley, and mad-brain'd Rout :

That

That run to venture all their *Stock* at one stroke,
 And push to see which of them shall be first broke;
 Greedily reaching at this tempting fair Bait,
 Tho' they must suffer Durance for't in *Ludgate*.
 Like the wise Mastiff that had stole a Liver,
 To shun the fur'ous Butcher swims a River,
 Views the clear Shadow, and now greedy more
 Snaps short, and loses all he had before.
 Now these from Counting-houses, Desks and Shops,
 Sally to *Jamathan's* as fast as Hops.
 The Coffee-man leaves Chocolate, Tea, Coffee,
 To know what price for *Bank-stock* and *East-Indie*.
 The Lady pawns her Plate and Jewels too,
 To buy some *Shares* in *Bank*, or *Old*, or *New*.
 The young Heir mortgages his House and Lands,
 To purchase *Childish Toys* at *Jamathan's*.
 The Scrivners leave their *Leidgers* and *Indentures*,
 In smoaky Coffee-house to seek *Adventures*.
 There for *East-India* and *Bank-Stock* they barter,
 'Till soundly Bit they find they've got a *Tartar*.
 In every Corner for their *Prey* they beat,
 He's the best *Trader* there that best can *Cheat*.
 They hope to purchase Lands, and in Coach ride,
 You'll see them quickly cag'd by the *Ditch-side*.

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But

But can'st thou, Friend, describe the various Features
Of these enchanted foolish giddy Creatures:

'Tis past thy skill, thou'lt *Proteus* sooner hold
In one shape, than these *Jobbers*, as I'm told.

A blast of Breath can raise or sink their Fears,

They're now like Lions, they'l be soon like Deers.

Tell them *Stocks* rise they're very brisk, then tell them

They fall, they'l sneak, and run as fast to *Sell* them.

Thus Children, at their silly Sports and Play,

Cry for their Balls, then throw them all away.

The *Mad-house* now is full 'twill hold no more,

Rather than fail they'l stand before the Door.

Happy's the Man can buy at *Thirty Seven*,

They little think how soon 'twill be *Eleven*.

The Fury's busy, they have drank their Potions,

Which take their Brains, and vent themselves in *Notions*.

Now they're all talk, and You may safely swear

They are all mad, for there's not one to hear.

Now change thy Colours, *Painter*, bring pale Blue,

Their Faces now are of *Cerulean* Hue.

The Scene is alter'd, and their Courage gone,

The *Stocks* are falling, and they are Undone.

A Frenzy is diffus'd through all the Croud,

Some curse and swear, some fight, and all talk loud.

This

This sudden change hath set them all on fret,

They now repent their rash Desire to get.

Thus many a Ship when riding in *Torbay*,

By sudden *Eastern* Wind is cast away.

Stock-Jobbing is a Rock where many have split,

(Experience sure should teach these Fools more Wit.)

This is a Nuisance worse than Pestilence,

The bane of *Business*, *Trade* and *Diligence*;

You'l see more Tricks among the *Jobbing* Fry,

Then e're was found in *St. James's* Lottery.

And yet these Men will not their Folly own,

'Till by their Rashness, broke, they leave the Town:

As soon you'l make the Miser hate his Store,

As make these Mad-men deal in Stocks no more.

'T, Friend, let's hearken what these Franticks say,

They're noos'd, and fret, and fain would get away,

To sleep in whole Skins, but in vain they throw

And toss, they'l nere be set in *Statu quo*.

Look to the Right on that old doting *Cit*,

Who by some Mad-dog has been sorely bit,

And, raging, Curfes the malignant Stars,

Bites his Nails to the quick, and tears his Hairs.

There's a young Fool that can but just write *Man*,

To buy at *Thirty Seven* has pawn'd his Land.

What

What says he? heark: Is't risen since I bought?

'Tis falling, Sir, and will fall more, 'tis naught.

Well, sell my Stock, for I'm a Son of a Whore,

If e're I meddle with *East-India* more.

Look, *Painter*, here are Priests, I vow and swear,

Prithce, what Business have these Parsons here.

They're bit, and in their mad Fit hang their Looks,

Let them less mind the *Stocks*, and more their *Books*.

Bless me! What Medley's this? Here's Farmers too,

Then we shall ne're have done, if this be true:

They've left their Oxen, Pastures, Ploughs and Flocks,

And are turn'd mad-brain'd Merchants too in *Stocks*.

The Scriveners too I see are come to try

Their Fortune in *East-India* Lottery.

All these among the rest of the Shop-keepers,

Must dearly pay for being busy peepers.

Come, *Painter*, let's away, to stay is noxious,

The Air these Mad-men breath in is infectious.

These are past pity, time is thrown away,

When to these willful Fools we pity pay:

They are dull Sots, incorrigible Sinners.

That lose their time, and sleep, and peace, and dinners,

And thro' unheard-of hardships daily run,

That they more certainly may be undone.

F I N I S.

ST. PAUL
MAY 17
1871

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